

EASY LIVING

Episode 1

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100 EXT. ATTILA'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 100

A quiet and well-kept upmarket suburb of Buda. Birdsong.

JANKA - a woman in her forties in pretty good shape, who has a purposeful demeanour and a look in her eye that could castrate a man at twenty paces - steps out of the front door of the newly-built detached house. She is dressed casually and comfortably. She walks up the garden steps. \*

Janka opens the letter box and takes out some junk mail, a handful of bills and the local free newspaper.

She is just about to turn back when she spots a meaty women's magazine poking out of the neighbours' letter box. There is a free sample of perfume inside its see-through plastic wrapper.

She looks up and down the street. There is no one else around. \*

She strolls over the street to the neighbours' letter box. \*

She takes a quick look through the window - no one is moving inside the house.

She pulls out the magazine.

She slips it between the junk mail she is carrying and walks briskly back into her own house.

101 INT. HOUSING ESTATE, FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 101

A bespectacled estate agent with a moustache and a hunched back, ATTILA MIKLÓSI (45), is standing in the living room. His expression is weary, he's been through a lot and has had a hard life.

Standing at the huge, wide-open windows, he is looking out and taking deep breaths.

Something catches his eye.

102 EXT. STREET - THE SAME TIME 102

ATTILA'S POV: A HOMELESS MAN is bending over a bin, reaching deep inside it, he takes something out, deems it worthless, and tosses it over his shoulder.

103 INT. HOUSING ESTATE, FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 103

Attila watches the man for a long time. He swallows hard.

He is shaken out of his reverie by the sound of KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

JUMP CUT TO:

Attila is speaking with great gusto to the potential new tenant: a REDHEAD of around 50. \*

ATTILA  
There's been a lot of interest in it. You're the third today...

REDHEAD  
And the children's room?

ATTILA  
This way!

Attila steps over to a door.

ATTILA (CONT'D)  
Here we go...

He opens the door: we can see a poky, windowless room.

ATTILA (CONT'D)  
(with no change in his tone)  
...the pantry. Or larder, if you'd prefer.

Attila closes the door with a smile and opens a second one: this really is the children's room.

The woman seems unperturbed about Attila's slip, she enters the room.

JUMP CUT TO:

A female hand is counting out 20,000 forint notes onto the table.

Attila scoops up the money and holds out a contract.

ATTILA (CONT'D)  
I've added that the communal fees are included in the rent.

He points to a handwritten section of the document that is marked with an asterisk. The woman browses the contract.

REDHEAD  
Don't we need a witness?

ATTILA  
We can do that later, if you'd really like to.  
(MORE)

ATTILA (CONT'D)

But we are both people of good  
breeding, are we not?

He shoots the woman a gallant smile. The redhead smiles back just a little dubiously.

Attila holds out a bunch of keys.

104 INT. HOUSING ESTATE, STAIRCASE - DAY

104

Attila is jogging down the stairs. He straightens his back and his hump disappears.

As he descends, he takes off his glasses and slips them into the breast pocket of his jacket.

Then he touches his moustache - he grabs one end and TEARS IT OFF.

He spits out some wadding from his mouth.

A totally new man - handsome and sporty, though with a rather weary expression - reaches the ground floor.

He puts the false moustache and the wadding into his pocket.

From his other pocket he takes out a no-name mobile phone. He breaks it in two and tosses it away.

As he steps out onto the street, he looks like any other decent citizen on his way to work. \*

105 EXT./INT. BUDA, TRAM - EARLY MORNING

105

\*

Tram number 61, bound for the terminus in the suburb of Hűvösvölgy, comes rattling along the road. A zitty-faced teen who hides a thousand and one hang-ups underneath his cool hip hop gear and his smooth talk, MÁRK MIKLÓSI (17), is resting his forehead against the window. \*

\*

\*

Raging RAP is booming in his ears as he gazes sleepily out of the rain-spattered window.

Suddenly many of the passengers on the tram start to stir uneasily.

Some begin pushing their way to the back in an attempt to evade the approaching ticket inspector. Márk shows no sign of concern. He reaches up inside his T-shirt and yanks out his earphones. He slips his iPod into his pocket and sits there placidly staring out of the window.

A stern-faced woman in her fifties appears next to Márk: the TICKET INSPECTOR. She speaks to the boy.

TICKET INSPECTOR

May I see your ticket, young man?

Márk does not react. The woman touches his shoulder, Márk gives a start and turns around.

TICKET INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Your ticket. Or your monthly pass.  
If you've got one...

Márk begins gesticulating in sign-language, his jaw drops and he makes weird clicking noises in his throat. The inspector looks at him in awe.

TICKET INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

(articulating  
exaggeratedly)  
Where's your pass?!

The woman gestures and draws a public transport pass in the air with her hands.

The tram reaches a stop, the doors open.

Márk slaps himself on the forehead as if he has just realized what the inspector wants. He reaches into his pocket. **He hands the woman a piece of paper.** \*  
\*

The bell on the tram RINGS, the doors are about to close.

**The inspector glances down at the slip of paper in her hand - it is a MUFFHUNTERZ sticker.** \*  
\*

MÁRK

Have a nice day!

He jumps off the tram, just managing to slip through the closing doors in time.

He slaloms between the slowly moving cars without once looking back and disappears among the crowds on the pavement.

106 INT. HIGH SCHOOL IN BUDA - DAY

106

An English lesson. MIRA MIKLÓSI (16), a dreamy girl who has been raised in cotton wool, is paying rapt attention.

Sitting next to her, her classmate LUCA is checking out Instagram on her mobile. The TEACHER (around 40) is standing at the blackboard explaining something.

LUCA

(quietly)  
Vivien's posted some new selfies!

INSERTS: Vivien is gaping greedily before a Double Whopper / she is in a boutique posing at the entrance to the fitting room in a trendy dress...

Mira briefly glances over but then quickly returns her attention to the lesson.

LUCA (CONT'D)  
Shit! Even Áron's liked her!

Now Mira is interested. She takes another look - sure enough, there is Áron's like.

Mira peeps over her shoulder at one of the guys sitting in the back row - a good-looking blond boy with the collar of his polo shirt turned up, ÁRON (17). Áron can feel Mira's eyes on him, but he continues listlessly doodling in his exercise book.

Luca has swiped to ANOTHER PICTURE: Vivien is leering into the camera doing a duckface.

LUCA (CONT'D)  
What a dog!

MIRA  
Shh!

LUCA  
What's up?

The teacher has become aware of the muttering, he turns to the girls.

TEACHER  
(in English)  
Luca, I'm sure you can mention some famous Hungarian composers.

Luca looks to Mira for help, but her friend dare not whisper the answer to her. \*

LUCA  
(in English)  
I'm sorry. What?

TEACHER  
(in English)  
Famous composers.

Luca stares at him vacantly.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Can anyone explain to Luca what a composer is? Mira? \*

MIRA  
(in English)  
Someone who invents music?

TEACHER  
(in English)  
Excellent. So, Luca, can you name  
any Hungarian composers?

Luca glowers wrathfully at Mira, the model pupil.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
At least one?

Mira puts her hand up.

107 EXT. GYM/CAR PARK - DAY

107

Standing on the bull bar of a parked Hummer, Márk is rapping  
vehemently into the camera.

A second teenage boy who is dressed similarly to Márk in a  
baseball cap and bandana, and Converse baseball boots, SAMU  
(17), is standing by his friend's side, gesturing toughly and  
loudly syncing with certain of his words.

TOMI (17) is recording the performance on his iPhone.

A HIP HOP BEAT is booming from another iPhone which is fixed  
to a docking speaker.

MÁRK  
Got more than four hundred newton  
metres' torque / Three tonnes on ya  
head, you're dead, you little  
fucking dork! / The steroids stop  
me getting hard, hey doctor, it's a  
bummer / The man said, "What you  
need my son's a solid-chrome  
Hummer!" / With a hundred and ten  
valves, fifty cylinders, I'm able /  
Make my mind start pumping iron,  
flex my muscles like steel cables /  
Mix me a protein shake, bitch, and  
watch me grow big / Yo, stand back,  
mothafucka, I'm go flatten me some  
pigs...

A hulking BODYBUILDER emerges from the nearby gym and grimly  
approaches the car.

BODYBUILDER  
Oy, you little prick! Off!

He kicks the iPhone from the docking speaker. The music stops  
abruptly.

Cowed, Márk quickly jumps down from the car.

MÁRK

Sorry, we were just finishing...

The bodybuilder checks the bonnet of the car.

BODYBUILDER

If you've scratched it, I'll rip your fucking head off!

MÁRK

(lifting up his foot)  
Rubber soles!

BODYBUILDER

Fuck off out of here!

Tomi looks at Márk reproachfully.

Márk plucks up his courage and swaggers closer to the man-mountain.

He pulls his wallet out of his back pocket.

MÁRK

Listen, I can pay you, just let us finish!

BODYBUILDER

100k!

Márk looks crestfallen.

BODYBUILDER (CONT'D)

Alright. Ciao!

Márk doesn't move. The bodybuilder brings his face close up to Márk's.

BODYBUILDER (CONT'D)

Ciao!

Márk picks up his mobile and the docking speaker from the ground. He slinks away after Tomi.

TOMI

You said it was all sorted!

Márk does not reply, he quickens his pace.

108 INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

108

Carrying a copy of the *National Sports* newspaper in his hand, Attila strides energetically into the showroom, he wanders around, checking out the latest models.

\*  
\*  
\*

A SALESMAN goes over to him. \*

ATTILA

Does Uncle Tóni Sallai still work here?

Somewhat disappointed, the salesman points in the direction of the stairs. Attila gives a nod of thanks and trots down into the workshop. \*

109 INT. CAR MECHANICS' WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS 109 \*

In the background, a commercial radio station's ADVERTISING BLOCK is playing over the noise of the AIR COMPRESSORS. \*

Attila looks down into one of the pits, where a tubby, grey-haired man, UNCLE TÓNI (64), is struggling with a hoist.

ATTILA (O.S.)

Purple scum!

The old man looks up and sees Attila peering down at him.

UNCLE TÓNI

(chanting)

Újpest's not even Pest, it's just a fucking village!

(offering his hand)

Attila! I don't believe it. Are you still alive and kicking?

They both grin.

110 INT. CAR MECHANICS' WORKSHOP, BREAK ROOM - DAY 110 \*

The walls are covered with calendars featuring Formula 1 cars, a poster of the old Kingdom of Hungary, and souvenirs connected with Ferencváros football club. \*

The old man wipes his hands on an oily rag. He puts the kettle on. \*

The cramped little room has one wall made entirely of glass, it is full of junk. Attila makes space for himself and sits down on a chair. He puts the newspaper he has been carrying down in front of him on the rickety table. \*

UNCLE TÓNI

Don't see you at the match these days.

ATTILA

I haven't been for ages.

UNCLE TÓNI

Good for you, it's not worth it!

He puts down a Ferencváros FC mug in front of Attila. The kettle HISSES. \*

Attila tears open a sachet of 3-in-1 coffee and empties the contents into his mug.

UNCLE TÓNI (CONT'D)

Buying nig-nogs! That's what started it! Do you know the last time we won the league with a pure Hungarian team? 1981! Since then it's just been Serbians and coons. How it is that they can't find eleven able-bodied Hungarian lads...!

The water has boiled. Uncle Tóni fills Attila's mug. Attila stirs his drink.

The old man looks curiously at Attila, waiting for him to come out with the reason for his visit.

Attila bends closer to Uncle Tóni and speaks in a confidential tone.

ATTILA

I need a nice little Merc. The newer, the better. White or grey metallic. For my wife.

UNCLE TÓNI

How much can you afford?

Attila pushes **the newspaper** over the table to the old man. \*

Uncle Tóni turns the corner of the top pages of the newspaper and cocks his head to peep underneath them like a poker player checking his hand. **He sees the wad of 10,000 forint notes hidden inside and** gives a satisfied sniff. \* \*

He points out through the glass wall.

Attila turns and looks into the workshop. At the far end there is a black Mercedes with its bonnet up.

UNCLE TÓNI (CONT'D)

Less than a year old. In for its 15,000-km service. They're picking it up this afternoon.

ATTILA

Haven't you got a white one?

The old man shoots Attila a stern look. Attila grins at him sardonically - he was only joking.

111 EXT. KURUCLESI ROAD - DAY

111

A steep street in Buda. Three cars are parked in the yard of a two-storey block of upmarket flats. One of them is the black Mercedes. \*

Attila walks up to the buzzers at the gate - he is wearing a pair of glasses and a false moustache. He pushes the buzzers one after the other, waiting a little each time.

After the fourth attempt a CLICK finally comes from the intercom. A laboured, asthmatic WHEEZING can be heard.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello?

ATTILA

Good morning! I've brought some leaflets.

The lock on the gate BUZZES as it is released. Attila pushes the gate open, walks through it and goes round to the yard.

He walks up to the Mercedes. He pops the glass out of the passenger-side wing mirror and fishes out the spare key secreted there.

He unlocks the car door. He gets inside and looks around. Behind him he sees a child's safety seat. He turns back, puts both hands on the wheel and stretches out his legs. He is a bit too close, he adjusts the seat.

He finds the remote keyfob for the gate to the yard beside the gear lever. He points it over his shoulder at the gate and presses the button.

Nothing happens, the gate doesn't move.

He tries again, still nothing.

Attila angrily pops open the plastic case of the remote keyfob and presses the batteries in more firmly, maybe there's a contact problem. Just then, his mobile RINGS. He gives a start.

He whips his phone from his pocket and takes the call.

ATTILA (CONT'D)

Can I call you back in five minutes?

He keeps the phone pressed to his ear with his shoulder, so that his hands are free to fiddle with the remote.

CROSS-CUTS:

- 112 INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - THE SAME TIME 112
- GRANDMA ÉVA (Attila's mother, a lady of around 70 with a nice face) is speaking into a senior-citizen-friendly mobile with an extra large keypad. Her tone is one of despair. \*
- Panic bordering on terror is etched on her pale face, she speaks in a faltering voice. \*
- GRANDMA ÉVA \*
- Atti... The hospital's just \*
- called... He's ever so bad... If we \*
- still want to speak to him... \*
- 113 EXT. KURUCLESI ROAD - THE SAME TIME 113 \*
- In the meantime, the front door of the flats opens and a PREGNANT WOMAN in her early-thirties steps outside. The woman is carrying some bags, she is heading in the direction of the yard.
- Attila presses the remote one more time, still the gate does not move.
- ATTILA \*
- (into the phone) \*
- Calm down, Mum! I'll come and pick \*
- you up! \*
- GRANDMA ÉVA \*
- I've already phoned for a taxi. You \*
- just go straight there. And hurry! \*
- The woman sees that someone is sitting in her car. She stops dead in her tracks.
- The woman and Attila's eyes meet.
- Attila ends the call and tosses his mobile onto the passenger seat. Beads of sweat stand out on his brow, he strokes his false moustache anxiously.
- The woman strides furiously towards the car.
- Panicking, Attila presses the remote again and again. Nothing.
- Just then, however, the gate slowly begins to open with a BUZZ. On the other side is a Nissan, about to drive in.
- Attila starts the Mercedes. He puts it into reverse and steps hard on the accelerator.
- The woman begins to run towards the car.

Attila roars away in reverse. He somehow manages to squeeze between the Nissan, which is driving into the yard, and the concrete gatepost without so much as a scratch.

114 EXT. ROAD IN BUDA - DAY

114 \*

Attila stops the car by some bushes and a copse of trees. \*

He gets out. He kneels on the ground next to the car. He is panting, trying to calm down. After a couple of deep breaths, he succeeds in composing himself and then -- \*

he walks round to the front of the car. \*

He squats down and removes the number plate. \*

He takes a new number plate out of his bag and sets about fixing it in place. \*

\*